THE

# WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, July 21, 1806.

## *On the Asylum for the Reception and Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb.*

OF all the charities which characterize and grace the British nation, the Asylum for the Reception and Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, though of modern institution, seems to stand peculiarly prominent in the list.

Without disparagement to any other of the benevolent institutions with which this happy island abounds, whereby thousands of individuals have daily cause to bless their benefactors, we cannot forbear to commend this noble charity, which may not yet be generally known, as being of that singular nature, that scores of otherwise blanks in society, have, under the blessing of divine providence, already been rendered useful members of the common weal: nay, more than that, the ears of the deaf have been unstopped to hear the glad tidings of salvation; and the tongue of the dumb hath been loosed to speak the redeemer's praise.

This institution, which is at present subsisting, was first set on foot in the year 1792, and has since been carried on in a building for that purpose, in the Grange-road, Bermondsey, near London, to the everlasting honour of her sex, originated with a lady; and being by her suggested to a reverend gentleman of eminence, it was by him communicated to others of like description, who soon digested a regular plan, and carried it into execution with the utmost alacrity.

From a concise history of this excellent charity, to which is subjoined a sermon preached at the anniversary of the said institution, in the parish church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, London, on May 19, 1805, by Robert Hawker, D. D. vicar of Charles-parish, Plymouth (to which the reader is referred for

particulars),* it appears that the present building contains about 48 of these once pitiable objects, and cannot possibly admit of more at any one time, in its present contracted state.

That the numerous applications which are unavoidably rejected, on every day of admittance to this laudable charity, are truly and deeply affecting, nor can it be extended to its wished for scale, without the additional liberal contributions of the opulent.

The humane and benevolent, it is presumed, will be happy in being informed, that on the preaching of the above sermon,† the great corporate body of the metropolis, with their wonted generosity, presented the committee for this institution with the sum of 500l. for and towards its future support and enlargement.

It were much to be wished that such individuals as providence has blessed with affluence, would turn their thoughts to the furtherance of this happy institution, than which there cannot be a more charitable work.

* In the midst of this gentleman's discourse on this important subject, he calls forth one of these miracles of mercy, and bids him repeat the Lord's prayer before the assembled congregation. This the youth did in a very affecting manner.

† The above history and sermon, printed and published for the sole use and benefit of the institution, may be had of the printer of the Sherborne Mercury, price 2s. 6d.

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## PHENOMENON *at* MALTA.

A Covetous man is never satisfied, says the old adage, and it cannot be more fully exemplified than in the following instance of avarice:

Forty years since a Maltese clock-maker, who owned the mountain of Zebug, formed a plan of making salt-works, by digging a reservoir, and letting in the sea water. He flattered himself that the heat of the sun would cause the water to evaporate, leaving behind it a sufficient quantity of salt, not only to indemnify him for the expence he had been at, but to enrich him considerably. The difficulty was to facilitate the entrance of the water, it being 40 or 50 feet below the reservoir made in the rock. After a variety of attempts, he at last discovered a grotto under the rock, and made an aperture like the mouth of a well. This plan succeeded extremely well; and he was delighted to find that the water in the reservoir diminished every day, which he attributed to the natural effect of the sun,

and

and he continued letting in as much water as possible, in hopes of encreasing the quantity of salt; but his surprise was beyond description, on perceiving the water was not evaporated, but absorbed by the spongy rock, from which, from filtration, it returned to the place from whence it originally came. It was some time before he made this discovery, which at last was owing to his wishing to collect the salt he imagined to be contained in the reservoir, at the bottom of which the rock was entirely dissolved by the acid of the salt, and nothing remained but a kind of mud. The grief he suffered from this disappointment threw him into a dangerous illness.

On the approach of winter the weather became windy and the sea rough. One day in particular a terrible storm arose, and the violence of the wind drove the raging waves into the grotto, where the body of water increasing considerably, and being confined in this circular spot, acted with a rotatory motion, and formed a water spout: there being no passage but the well newly opened, it forced its way through with violence, and appeared like a beautiful wheat-sheaf of water of so large a circumference as to fill up the whole mouth of the well; and rising perfectly entire to the height of sixty feet, formed a magnificent aigrette; its projectile force was so great, that the wind could not act upon it 'till it had reached the before-mentioned height, when it suddenly separated, and the aqueous particles composing this immense body of water were diffused over the country on all sides, to the extent of more than a mile. This violent rain of salt water destroyed all vegetation; and the cultivated fields, which before had been amply productive, appeared as if they had suffered from fire. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood brought an action against the clock-maker, and claimed damages to a great amount, but he died before the affair was decided.

To prevent another misfortune of the same nature, they stopped up the mouth of the well with large stones. This operation occasioned another phenomenon, as extraordinary as the former. A great quantity of air was confined by the waves in the bottom of the grotto, which being rarified, repulsed the water with such violence, as to cause the most terrible explosions, which not only shook the rock, but the whole neighbourhood. The tremendous noise of the explosions resounded through all the grottos, and resembled a discharge of artillery of all sizes, quietly succeeding each other. These sounds being constantly echoed, had the effect of the most violent peals of thunder, particularly when different storms met together; the terror was general, and constant apprehensions were entertained that the rocks would be thrown down, under which this subterraneous thunder never ceased to roar when the wind was high.

This horrible noise still continues whenever the well is filled up; but when the impetuous waves confined in the cavern have in some degree removed the stones at the bottom of the well, the water acts with the greatest violence upon them, breaking them, and reducing them to powder, and driving them back into the sea: the first stones being carried away, the others fall of course, and the well once cleared, the wheat-sheaf of water forms again, and spreads desolation through the adjacent parts. In the space of 20 years, the well has been filled up three times, and the inhabitants are in constant dread of a fresh explosion.

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## FASHIONS *for* JULY.

MANTLES of various descriptions, in silk, lace, and muslin, still continue to attract; they are much worn with hoods approaching the ancient costume; but in point of elegant simplicity, the cottage tippet has assumed the ascendency in the hemisphere of fashion. It is generally made of white lace or very fine sprigged muslin, bound quite round with coloured ribbon, deep frill of broad lace round the collar. Lace caps still maintain (as they justly deserve) an unrivalled superiority among the truly elegant votaries of fashion; and we are much pleased to observe a considerable increase of sarsnet hats, many of a pleasing and novel design, forming, together with the dresses before described, a most graceful *tout ensemble* in the persons of some of our most lovely *belles*.

The most fashionable straw bonnets from the promenades are the conversation cottage bonnets, which have been so much distinguished for their negligent neatness. The mob and shell bonnets just introduced are universal among our London *élegantes*. The mob and woodman hats are also very much admired by every votary of taste.

This evening dress has been much approved of:—A French jacket of white or coloured crape, ornamented with rich narrow joining lace, same round the bottom of the dress; long sash of ribbon tied carelessly on one side, colour correspondent with the dress. Front worn plain, and very high over the bosom trimmed round with a plain double *tuelle*. No neck-kerchief or tucker is necessary with this dress; white kid gloves and shoes.

This walking-dress will be very fashionable:—A short round frock of nankin, trimmed round the bottom with a rich purple or sapphire ribbon, bound with the same round the bosom; narrow sash of the same ribbon tied on one side; lace *chemizette*; nankin boots or shoes; silk gipsey hat.

On

## *On Humanity to Beasts, Popular Sports, and Pugilism.*

To the PRINTER,

SIR,

WE are informed by the public prints, that Dr. Bardsley has lately laid before the Philosophical Society of Manchester, an elaborate paper on the use and abuse of popular sports and exercises, as a national object. The doctor, in his disquisition on the various sports or modes of amusement adopted by both the ancients and moderns, very humanely and rationally condemns all such as cannot be exercised without wanton cruelty and injustice, ranging in this class particularly the baiting of animals. Those sports which are free from such objection have found an able advocate in Dr. Bardsley, who farther seems to entertain a very good opinion of and even strongly to recommend the exercise of the pugilistic school, to be ranked, in his opinion, among those athletic exercises which impart address and strength to the body, and confer courage and fortitude on the mind. The doctor even goes so far as to say—"The government that should attempt, with a despotic and severe authority, to contract the exertions of self-confidence, and a moderate exercise of just resentment, could only expect to rule over a nation of slaves."

After reprobating, in severe and proper terms, the inhuman and disgusting barbarity of American boxing, he observes as a striking fact: "That in those parts of this kingdom where pugilism is least practised, and where personal disputes are decided by the exertions of savage strength and ferocity, a fondness for barbarous and bloody sports prevails. In some parts of Lancashire, bull-baiting and man-slaying are common practices. There is no established rule of honour to save the weak from the strong." Hence Dr. Bardsley would have boxing encouraged. He suggests, that in public schools and large manufactories, some pains might be taken to introduce the system of boxing, and the laws of honour by which it is regulated.

In justice to Mr. Lawrence, it ought to be stated, that the above sentiments were published by him some years since in his Philosophical and Practical Treatise on Horses; a work, indeed, generally esteemed of the curious and eccentric kind, but which nevertheless is obviously the result of a whole life of practice, and governed throughout by the genuine principles of humanity. The work, it must be allowed, is of rather too free a cast for the precisian; but surely a strong practical inculcation of the general duties of justice and humanity, and of the sacred rights of property, ought with Englishmen to weigh something in the balance against a few irregular flights from

from the beaten track. The substance must surely be of as much consequence as the shadow, at least to those whose humane feelings and sense of justice are of the real and substantial, not of the secondary and pretended kind.

As far as the writer of this article has either read or inquired, Mr. Lawrence's book is purely original on the subject of justice to brute animals, no author before him, whether ancient or modern, having attempted to discriminate on the case; and without due discrimination all opinions and practices on the subject, besides being useless, have the dangerous tendency of inspiring ridicule and aversion, and of thereby increasing tenfold the sufferings of these miserable victims which it might be sincerely intended to relieve. For example, what possible degree of reason, common sense, or utility, can exist in jumbling together, in a general lumping condemnation, the fair and legitimate contentions of horses in the race, and of men on the pugilistic stage, with the foul play and the infernal torments with which the lives of poor animals, endowed, perhaps, with the most exquisite feelings, are gradually worried out by a mob of cold-blooded cowards, and stupid, heedless, and thick-skulled fools?

Mr. Lawrence has warmly recommended what he has denominated the rights of beasts, meaning, it is to be presumed, their claims on the justice and humanity of man, to the legislature of the country; and it must have given him great satisfaction to find, that the magistracy of the metropolis have since taken those rights into their especial protection, and, that, in consequence, no brutal proprietor of an animal can now torture it with impunity, under the old, senseless pretence, that it is his own property. The country magistrates, it is fervently to be hoped, will universally follow this laudable and humane example. In this work will be also found an interesting estimate of the pretensions of our various veterinary writers, and of the comparative merits of the old and new veterinary schools.

The following extract, Mr. Editor, I should beg leave to recommend to a place in your miscellany, with the additional request of a grain of allowance for a sentence or two, which some may consider as rather too free.

"The noble old English custom of fighting with those natural weapons, the fists, now fashionably styled pugilism, stands with me in the same predicament as the last subject, namely, it has no immediate relation to our treatment of brute animals; but the reader will find by what follows, that boxing is a theme which I should very reluctantly have passed unnoticed. On its principle not a word need be said, that being perfectly unexceptionable, at least on this side the millennium, when the saint will, in troth, have infinitely more agreeable recreation,

and when the chaunting three or four staves of a spiritual song will be held a far superior gratification to the receiving as many sound douses on the chops in a sparring match. The practice of English boxing is equally unexceptionable with the principle, being so strictly consonant with the rules of justice and morality, as to form one of the greatest glories of the country.

" The appointment of umpires and seconds, the shaking of hands previous to the set-to, as much as to say, we mean to contend fairly and like men; the general solicitude and caution in the spectators, that perfect equity takes place between the contending parties, that no foul blow be struck, and that the fallen and the vanquished be protected; and lastly, the parting salute, when the conqueror seems generously to have divested himself of the haughtiness of triumph, the conquered to have resigned with a natural and manly submission, and both to have disburthened their hearts of all malice or appetite of revenge, is, upon the whole, and in all its parts, so excellent a practical system of ethics, as no other country can boast, and has chiefly contributed to form the characteristic humanity of the English nation."—Second volume of the Philosophical and Practical Treatise on Horses.

" The magistrates of our own country will, I hope, be wary in their attempts to restrain the privileges of Englishmen, even in their contentions. Granting it true, that boxing has such an important moral effect upon the vulgar mind, it were surely an impolitic step to discourage it, in compliment to fanaticism, hypocrisy, or mistaken ideas of humanity. Public encouragement it needs none, being, as it were, bound up in the very nature of the English people, amongst whom there are to be found, at every period, individuals enough, emulous of patronizing the pugilistic art; yet to keep alive an art, schools and practice are required. In countries where commerce and manufactures universally prevail, habits of delicacy, the love of ease, and an inaptitude for defence, will invariably be induced with length of time; amongst the inhabitants of such countries, it must be madness to check the principle of a martial spirit, under any legitimate form.

" I shall decline the inquiry, how far the practice of pugilism would be consistent with our established ideas of gentility, but hold myself warranted by reason (all the warrant which ought to be required in any possible case) strongly to recommend the manly exercise of the pugilistic school to all ranks. Nothing contributes more to brace the sinews, open the chest, and to impart a firm and vigorous tone to the whole body, at the same time affording a very agreeable exercise of the mental faculties. It forms an erect and graceful carriage, and produces that ease and adroitness in the use of the limbs, in which many

many people are naturally so deficient. In fine, the art of manual defence supplies the want of bodily strength, and may oftentimes prove an excellent shield to a weak man against casual and vulgar aggression.

" I have attempted, and I hope have succeeded in the proof that neither pleasure nor profit, in any-wise, require us to dispense with the laws of justice and humanity, since those laws taken even in the strictest sense of necessity impede neither; and that it is a wretched mistake to dignify with the name of pleasure those phrenzical emotions which arise in the mind, at witnessing the distresses and tortures of other creatures. Those who are so ready to condemn a man for uttering truths, seem unconscious, and ought to be reminded, that they are casting reflections upon nature herself. The small prospect of immediate concurrence and success, ought not to deter the moralist, whose gratification and reward properly subsists in the simple performance of the duty. The prejudices and errors of the human mind must be worn away gradually, and by the constant attrition of just moral argumentation."

" Like marble statues rubb'd in pieces
With gallantry of pilgrim's kisses."

I am, Sir, &c. &c.
DISCRIMINATOR.

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*Account of the New Comedy of " Five Miles Off, or, The Finger Post."*

A Few nights since, this comedy, consisting of three acts, from the successful pen of Mr. T. Dibdin, was performed at the Haymarket Theatre, and received with the most unbounded applause, by a most elegant and crowded audience.

The principal characters were thus sustained:

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| *Mr. Calendar* | Mr. Fawcett. |
| *Edward Franklin* | Mr. Rae. |
| *Mr. Sordid* | Mr. Grove. |
| *Mr. Flail* | Mr. Chapman. |
| *Laurence Luckless* | Mr. De Camp. |
| *Johnny Spriggins* | Mr. Matthews. |
| *Flourish* | Mr. Liston. |
| *Carpenter* | Mr. Denman. |
| *Mary* | Mrs. Mathews. |
| *Jane* | Mrs. Gibbs. |
| *Miss Prue* | Mrs. Powell. |
| *Laura* | Miss Tyrer. |

The following is a sketch of the plot:—

Young Frankland is cheated of the property of his father, by Sordid, a roguish steward, and is, in consequence, rejected by Farmer Flail, as the suitor of his daughter; who, however, promises he shall have her, when he can contrive to become the possessor of a freehold estate. Old Kalendar, his friend, overhearing this promise, actually builds him a wooden house in the forest, which, by a local charter, becomes freehold; and it happens that he builds it on the very spot where Old Sordid had concealed, during a journey, the title deeds of Old Frankland's property, which, by this means, fall into the hands of his son, and enable him to conciliate the consent of Flail, to his union with his daughter.

There is another plot, arising from a robbery committed on Old Sordid. The thief, to avoid being recognised, leaves his great coat hanging on a finger-post in the high road. A lost son of Old Sordid picks it up during a shower, and being mistaken by Old Sordid for the robber, is ultimately discovered to be his son. The real thief is present, *incog.* at the apprehension of Young Sordid, and excites much pleasantry by the old gentleman's blunder. This scene seems to have been suggested by the incident of the highwayman in Humphry Clinker. The finger-post is erected by an Irish carpenter, but is so low, that he gives it a moveable head, that it may give way when any person runs against it; and thus reverses its directions. Mr. Dibdin generally contrives to divert us by the whim of his jokes, and the comicality of his situations. To this extent he has completely succeeded in the present comedy. There is no strong satire, no object of morality illustrated, nor any great strength of interest; but, as usual, there is wit and sentiment; and if the latter is now and then obvious, it is always laudable and well directed. There are also some pleasant hits at fashionable errors, which were deservedly well received.

The only full-drawn character is that of Kalendar, sustained by Fawcett; he is an astronomer, and natural philosopher, and has been an almanack-maker. The character is written with much neatness, and Fawcett played it with all that strong and effective humour, which always distinguishes him. Liston, as a quaker, had a comic song, and Miss Tyrer, a ballad, which were both much enjoyed.

The moveable finger-post was a ludicrous idea, and produced some whimsical consequences. In allusion to the mansion he had erected, Mr. Fawcett concludes the comedy with remarking, that their *fabric* was of slender materials; but he trusted it would meet with approbation, as being only intended for a *summer-house*. The appeal met with great applause; and as a

source of merriment, during the warm evenings, we think the Finger-Post fully entitled to the success in met with.

The following epilogue, written by George Colman, Esq. was spoken by the following characters:—Kalendar, Mr. Fawcett; Flourish, Mr. Liston; Spriggins, Mr. Matthews; Jenny, Mrs. Gibbs.

*Enter* KALENDAR, *reading an Almanack.*

*Kal.*—Almanack says this day—aye, thus it goes;
" Ninth of July—Thomas a Becket—toes."
" The weather over cast,"—That sounds but queer;—
I hope to find no cloudy faces here!
What next?—Oh!—to this market, no dismay;—
" Fine weather, now, for getting up the hay."
Box-keeper, here, makes hay; when in he crams—
Arms, shoulders, ancles, hips, knees, legs, and hams:
But when he stuffs you in, all snug and warm,
O! Vox Stellarum! who can then inform,
Whether 'twill turn to sun-shine or a storm?
Of this night's cause who shall be undertaker?
Our poet trembles.

*Enter* FLOURISH.

*Flou.*————He hath sent a quaker.
*Kal.*—What is it you predict about our play?
Think you 'twill prosper?
*Flou.*————Peradventure, yea.
*Kal.*—Sometimes they clap; and that betokens bliss.
*Flou.*—Sometimes the spirit moveth, and they hiss.
*Kal.*—Have you no friends above, there? (pointing to the gallery).
*Flou.*————Thou dost scoff.
*Kal.*—Why so?—
*Flou.*————Thou know'st they call out, there—" Hats off!"

*Enter* SPRIGGINS *and* JENNY.

*Kal.*—Spriggins! my man! you're here, I'll hold a guinea, to serve the play.
*Sprig.*—I'se been, and married Jenny.
*Jenny.*—Beneath which sign, Sir, is my husband born?
*Kal.*—Like many husbands, under capricorn.
*Sprig.*—Under what sign, then, do the sky make *her* go?
*Kal.*—The crab.—
*Sprig.*————There Jane, I know'd it wasn't virgo.
I said so.

*Jenny.*

*Jenny.*————Hold your prate, then, foolish—do;—
Your measter's wise, and know'd it afore you.
*Kal.*—Now for the bard:—athwart his telescope,
May no malignant planet damp his hope!
May no eclipses make his prospect black!
*Sprig.*—Nor no bad sign in all his body-whack.
*Kal.*—With mirth, may eyes, like stars, be twinkling merrily!
Friend Flourish, don't you join in this?
*Flou.*————————————Yea, verily.
*Sprig.*—I wish him right good luck, now, by my figgins!
*Jenny.*—And happy as a bride, like Jenny Spriggins.
*Kal.*—Come, then—(to the audience;)—you libra, or the balance, hold,
Applaud him, and he'll feel like leo bold;
If you condemn—for fortune is precarious—
His eyes must then be govern'd by aquarius.

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## *INTERESTING TRIAL.*

### COURT of KING's BENCH,

Thursday, July 10.

### JACKSON, *v.* LIVESLY, ESQ.

THIS was an action for cruelty and ill-treatment. The defendant is the captain of the Lord Stanley slave-ship, and the plaintiff (a man of colour) was the captain's steward on board the same ship. The plaintiff laid his damages at 500l.

Mr. Parke stated the case to the jury with great feeling, and lamented that the plaintiff had not laid his damages at more than 500l. as he was convinced, after the jury should have heard the facts he had to lay before them, they would agree with him in thinking that sum by no means sufficient to recompence the plaintiff's sufferings. The case, he said, was so shocking, so brutal, and unparalleled, that it was as astonishing that the unfortunate victim of that brutality should have survived his sufferings, as it was that a human being should be found wicked enough to inflict those tortures he had to complain of. He had said that the case was unparalleled, he hoped he had said true; but the African slave trade had instanced so many acts of cruelty, that he feared the case was not without a precedent.

The plaintiff was taken on board at Jamaica, after the Lord Stanley had discharged its cargo of slaves, and was proceeding

on its voyage home to Liverpool. On the 4th of June was a twelvemonth, the second mate, Robinson, who had also been hired at Jamaica, was the commander of the watch, when the plaintiff, the captain's steward, asked his permission to go below and prepare the first mate's hammock? The mate gave it, and he immediately went below. On his return, Captain Livesly was on the deck, and demanded of him what he had been below for? The plaintiff told him, adding that he had given the first mate some grog, at which the defendant was displeased. The first mate heard the conversation, and coming upon deck some time after, said he would flog the plaintiff for his loquacity. The plaintiff said he would throw himself into the sea, rather than be flogged, and immediately flung himself into the main-chains, apparently for that purpose. The first mate, however, caught him, and actually flung him into the sea, that he might not be disappointed. The ship at that time was going at the rate of nine knots an hour, and but for the humanity of the second mate, the plaintiff must have perished. He lowered a boat, and picked up the unfortunate man, who, on his coming on board, was put before the mast by the captain; his hands were fastened behind him, and his legs were fastened to a ring-bolt. In that situation he was kept for upwards of eight hours, and during the whole of the time buckets of salt water were thrown upon him; the plaintiff observing that if he wished for salt water, he should have enough of it.

The plaintiff was then charged with having purloined some money belonging to the passengers, which he denied, and said he only possessed six doubloons, which were his own property. The defendant then made a cat-o'-nine-tails of some new log-line, and flogged the plaintiff with it 'till he was himself exhausted. He then ordered the chief and second mates to flog him, who laid on 'till they were also exhausted. When that was done, the defendant caused a quantity of salt pickle to be rubbed into the plaintiff's lacerated back, which caused him most excruciating agony. He then caused him to be put into a turtle cask up to his chin in salt-water, and by way of insulting his misery and his agonies, he told him as he was d—'d fond of salt-water, he should have enough of it; he therefore kept continually ducking the poor fellow's head under water, 'till he was nearly suffocated, and dying with the ill-treatment. He was then taken out, double-ironed, and in that state kept for eighteen hours, with not a rag of covering upon his body. This was on the 7th of June. On the 8th, the plaintiff, still smarting with agony, was again questioned as to the money lost by the passengers. The defendant said if he did not confess where it was, he would have the value out of him. The plaintiff either would not or could not satisfy the defendant, and he was again

lashed

lashed up, and again flogged, 'till he fell insensible under the lash. He was, however, recovered to life, and remained ironed 'till the next day.

After that he was again punished, and the floggings were repeated on the 11th, 13th, and 14th, 'till at last the plaintiff, writhed under increased agonies, the blood gushed from his breast, and he was conveyed below in a state of apparently approaching death. Notwithstanding such cruelty, he miraculously lived 'till the ship arrived at Liverpool, where he was put under the care of a surgeon, and his existence preserved, though he remained indisposed up to that moment.

Robinson, the second mate, confirmed this statement in every part, adding, that he never saw a human creature suffer so much; and that at the last flogging he received near a thousand lashes.

Mr. Lindsay, a surgeon at Liverpool, stated, that he had attended public military punishments for eight years, but that he never saw any thing to equal the lacerated condition in which he found the plaintiff. He attended him four months at his own lodgings, during which time a piece of flesh eighteen inches square came from his back. He then found that his recovery would be very slow, if at all, and he procured him admission into the infirmary, where he has remained almost ever since. The wounds were now healed; but the muscles of the shoulders were contracted, and the man's back exhibited a most deplorable proof of severity and ill-treatment. He added, that the man was in court, and he wished the jury to see his wounds.

Mr. Parke replied, that he would not shock the jury by such an exhibition. The evidence they had heard, he trusted, would be sufficiently conclusive.

Mr. Topping said, that the defendant had left England on another voyage to the West-Indies, without leaving any instructions respecting the case in question; and he was in no condition to disprove the evidence. He should only observe, that the case must have been exaggerated, as it was impossible a human being could have survived under such complicated and multiplied sufferings.

Lord Ellenborough said, that he could find no adequate provocation for the punishment inflicted; and had not the sufferings of the plaintiff been confirmed by the testimony of the surgeon, he should himself have thought those sufferings, and that punishment, to have been greatly exaggerated. The evidence, however, of the surgeon, and the want of evidence on the part of the defence, was conclusive. If the defendant had suspected the plaintiff of the theft, he should have reserved the investigation for a competent court on his return; he had no right to take the law into his own hands. He would repeat,

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that the case appeared to him so extravagantly cruel, as to exceed all ideas he had ever formed of human depravity; and the conduct of the defendant, subsequent to the punishments, was so wanton, that he was at a loss to find a motive for adding such insult to cruelty. No excuse, however, was suggested, and the jury were bound to give the unfortunate man such reparation as they should think his sufferings deserved.

The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages 500l.

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*Sketch of the Life of the late Sir Andrew Mitchell, K. B.*

THIS brave officer was a native of one of the southern counties of Scotland. He was born in or about the year 1757, and received his education at Edinburgh, in one of those public grammar-schools which contribute so powerfully to the education of the youth of that country. His father having died while young, the care of his early years devolved entirely on the mother. Being destined for the navy, he was placed on the quarter-deck of the Rippon, then commanded by the late Admiral Sir Edward Vernon, with whom he repaired to India in 1776, and he exhibits a memorable instance of a young man's arriving in Asia in the capacity of a midshipman, and returning to Europe as a post-captain. France having declared in favour of the insurgent Americans, India soon became the scene of action, and Sir Edward Vernon, who we believe then hoisted a broad pendant as a commodore, had several brushes with the enemy. On the 10th of August, 1778, in particular, he fell in with the fleet commanded by M. Frangolly, on the coast of Coromandel, on which occasion an indecisive action took place. But although the British squadron did not succeed in bringing the enemy to close quarters, yet it obliged them to leave the coast, on which the commodore took possession of the anchorage in Pondicherry road, and co-operated effectually in the reduction of that place.

In the mean time Mr. Mitchell, who had been for some time a lieutenant, was promoted to the command of the Coventry of twenty-eight guns. Rear-Admiral Sir Edward Hughes, having sailed from Spithead on the 8th of March, 1779, on his arrival assumed the command in the Indian seas, and opened such a scene for naval tactics, as had never before been witnessed in that distant quarter of the globe. Being on board a small vessel, Captain Mitchell of course had it not in his power to enter the line of battle, which was so often formed against the able and gallant Count de Suffrein, and therefore was unable to distinguish himself in any of the general actions of that day. But in 1782, while cruizing off Ceylon, we find him attacking the Bellona, a French forty-gun ship, which was forced

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to sheer off, after a sharp action of two hours and a half, in the course of which 15 men were killed, and 29 wounded on the part of the English.

At the conclusion of hostilities, Captain Mitchell returned to Europe with a convoy; and having obtained a considerable sum by way of prize-money, deemed himself secure of all those enjoyments which can be obtained by the possession of affluence in his native country. But, it is well known, that the independence of a naval officer in the British service too often depends on the fidelity, punctuality, and attention, of his agent; and, unfortunately, Captain Mitchell's was more occupied in feeling the pulse of a district of Scotch boroughs, with a view to a general election, than in attending to the interests of his clients. The result was, that after many years spent in active service abroad, Captain Mitchell found himself, soon after his arrival in London, bereaved of nearly all his fortune!

During the peace, like many other meritorious officers, he remained unemployed; but no sooner did the war with France take place, than he was promoted to a ship, and we find him serving under Lord Howe, first on board the Asia of sixty-four guns, and then in the Impregnable of ninety guns. In 1795, he took rank as a rear-admiral; but no opportunity presented to distinguish himself by any separate command until some years after. Preparatory to this, early in 1799, his flag as Vice-admiral of the white was hoisted at the Nore, on board the Zealand of sixty-four guns, soon after which he removed to the Isis of fifty. It being intended at this period to strike a blow on the continent, a number of transports were collected; a large body of troops marched to the coast, and a squadron of men of war was provided under the immediate direction of Admiral Mitchell; although all the operations were conducted in the name of the gallant Lord Duncan, then commander in chief of the North Sea fleet. The moment his appointment was notified to him, Vice-Admiral Mitchell repaired on board the Isis, of fifty guns. He then visited those parts of the coast in which transports had been collected; and partly by the zeal of the inhabitants, partly by the skill and assistance of the captains and officers of the sea-fencibles, embarked the different divisions of the army, towards the autumn of 1799, with inconceivable order and celerity.

No sooner was this accomplished, than he joined Lord Duncan, then cruizing in the North Seas, and proceeded to accomplish the object of the expedition. Having readily obtained pilots, and all the necessary information at the Helder, Vice-Admiral Mitchell determined to sail in quest of the Dutch squadron, which he threatened to follow "to the walls of Amsterdam." He, at the same time conjured the officers

and crews to avoid the effusion of human blood, by an immediate surrender, either to the British, or to the prince of Orange, whose flag they would be permitted to bear. To give greater effect to his proceedings, at five o'clock in the morning of August the 30th, he formed a line of battle, by way of exhibiting the strength of the squadron under his command. A signal for action having been hoisted, the English vice-admiral set sail; but two ships and a frigate, in consequence of the intricacy of the navigation, got aground. Notwithstanding this, he entered the Mars Diep, and continued his course in the Vlieter channel along the Texel. Having by this time drawn near to the Dutch fleet, then at anchor at the Red Buoy, he dispatched Captain Rennie with a letter, containing a presumptory summons. The English commander at the same time brought his squadron to anchor within sight of the enemy, whose fleet, which had been for some time in a state of mutiny, surrendered. This important acquisition consisted of one ship of seventy-four guns, four of sixty-eight, two of fifty-four, two of forty-four guns, a frigate, and a sloop of war; in all eleven sail.

The Dutch ships thus reduced without bloodshed, were conducted by Admiral Mitchell into an English port, under the escort of six sail of British, and two Russian ships of the line, Admiral Dickson having been left behind, to superintend the embarkation of the troops. Soon after his arrival in England, his majesty, as a distinguished mark of his satisfaction with the conduct of the officer who had won the only trophy obtained during this expedition, was pleased to confer upon him the ensigns of the order of the bath.

In 1800 we find Sir Andrew in the channel fleet under Lord Bridport, with his flag flying in the Windsor Castle of ninety-eight guns; he afterwards served under Admiral Cornwallis, off Brest, but no circumstance occurred for the display of either his courage or conduct. Yet upon this, as on every other occasion, he had an opportunity of rendering every one on board happy. Although he well knew how to keep up a proper degree of subordination, he lived with his officers in the same manner as a father among his children; and when obliged to part with them—several gentlemen educated on his quarter-deck are at this moment post-captains—he could scarcely refrain from tears. Being fond of music, he was provided with an excellent band; and all the officers, not on duty, were accustomed to assemble every evening in the great cabin, to enjoy the concert provided for them.

In the autumn of the succeeding year, he was intrusted with the command of a division of fifteen sail of the line, with which he cruized off the coast of Ireland; and at length, in 1802, was appointed commander in chief in North America,

and repaired to Halifax in the Leander, of 50 guns. While on this station he lost his wife, Lady Mitchell, who had been sent to Bermuda for the benefit of her health, and died there in 1803. There too the gallant admiral expired, after a short illness, on the 26th of February, 1806.

The following is a list of his various promotions: he was appointed a captain, October 25, 1778; a rear-admiral, June 1, 1795; vice-admiral of the white, February 14, 1799; vice-admiral of the red in the same year; and admiral of the blue on November 9, 1805.

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### *Singular Instance of Abstinence and Privation.*

A Poor man who resides at Bethnal Green, in Middlesex, where he is known by the name of Old Tom, follows, at night, the occupation of a watchman. In the morning, when he comes off duty, he takes only one hour's rest, and then acts as a bricklayer's labourer 'till the hour of his evening vocation; so that, throughout the year, he is supposed to be awake twenty-three hours daily. He is upwards of sixty years of age, lives on scarcely any thing but bread and cheese, which he eats as he walks along; his general drink is water, and he feels no inconvenience from the severity of his mode of life. He is remarkably active, goes to church twice every Sunday, and while there prefers standing to sitting. It is asserted, that he has saved considerable sums of money, which he lends to hard-working people, at a moderate interest.

This man is one of the many instances of oddity which we meet with in the world. He probably takes as much pleasure in this excess of abstinence as others do in intemperance, and other irregularities.

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*Answer, by a Student in Mr. J. B. Chivers's School, St. Austell, to Paulus's Question, inserted January 13.*

PUT $x+y=s$, and $xy=p$, that is for the sum and product of the required numbers; then by the method given in Simpson's Algebra, we find $s^3-3ps=20,683$, and $sp=19,608$; from the last of these equations we have, $p=19,608\div s$, this subst. in the 1st for its equal, we obtain $s^3=79,507$ (a simple equation is required), and $s=43$; therefore $p=456$. Now having obtained the sum and product of the required numbers, the required values of x and y, are easily found to be 24 and 19 respectively. Hence your age is 24 years, and your wife's 19 ditto. Q. E. D.

# POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

## *The* MAGDALEN.

ADIEU! ye scenes that knew my infant days,
Ye happy scenes that once conspir'd to please;
Adieu, ye friends! who my young hours beguil'd,
When on my lips sweet innocency smil'd;
Adieu, my mother! name too late rever'd.
Oh! was I guiltless, was I still endear'd
To thee—whose life pourtray'd a life divine,
Oh happy life! compar'd with wretched mine;
Oh! had thy precepts sway'd my youthful breast,
Or had my deeds thy virtuous life confess'd,
In thy affections still I might have dwelt,
Confirm'd the joys my infant bosom felt.

But man, base man, the tyrant here below,
Aim'd at my peace, and struck the fatal blow.
But was it Henry? Oh! it could not be
Him whom I lov'd to madness—extacy;
Him upon whom my soul with love relied,
Whose fond affections all my wants supplied;
Virtue appear'd to be by him refin'd,
Of form attractive, with superior mind;
His count'nance wore the marks of truth and love,
His speech possess'd the melting power to move;
Persuasive, soft, enchanting, pleasing all,
As if a seraph whisper'd to my soul.
How could I doubt, or how believe that he
Was made of falshood, vice, and treachery!
But, perjur'd wretch! from thee my woes begun!
Henry prov'd false, and I, alas! undone.
No father's pray'r to intercede on high
No heaven to guard my virgin-chastity;
No brother's hand t' avenge my wrongs appear'd,
No sister's sigh in all my sorrows shar'd;
No gen'rous friend to pour the balmy drop
Of consolation in the bitter cup;
No sympathizing tears are mix'd with mine,
Alone I wept, for mine alone's the crime;

Pity where wert thou? In the human breast
Was there not space for sympathy to rest?
Was there no void, philanthrophy, for thee,
Did Heav'n ordain that none should feel for me?
Spurn'd and despis'd, insulted e'en by all,
Where ask for help, on whom for refuge call;
None will relieve, no hospitable door
Will give a shelter to the guilty poor.

Oh fatal moment! sad disastrous hour,
I fell the victim of deceiving pow'r!
Abandon'd, lost—the gaudy city's glare,
Fatal attraction! bade me venture there.
There houseless, friendless—there, Oh cursed shame!
I sunk in vices which I blush to name.

There pinch'd by want, engulph'd in wild despair,
Again was tempted, and again did err;
Guilt follow'd guilt, and crime succeeded crime,
Oh! guilt unequall'd, guilt alone like mine.

Thrice happy ye! who never felt the flame,
Which blasts my happiness, pollutes my fame;
Whose breast ne'er throbb'd the tender tale to hear,
Nor wept at language which it thought sincere;
Whose cheeks ne'er blush'd to give the ask'd reply,
Nor strove in vain to hush the rising sigh;
Who never felt affection's pow'rful pain,
Nor thought that true which treachery could feign;
Who ne'er indulg'd the warm, extatic kiss,
Nor madly hop'd, or fondly dreamt of bliss.
Oh! man will tell thee, that his soul is thine,
For thee he languishes, for thee repine;
Tears, copious tears, his cheeks will oft bedew,
He'll sigh, he'll swear he lives alone for you:
But guard thine heart; mistrust whate'er they say,
Born to deceive, and skilful to betray,
Thou'rt never safe; let all the woes I feel
Teach you to shun what time can never heal;
Be wise, and doubt—my soul's predictions tell,
Were ye so tempted, so ye would have fell.

Flow tears of penitence, tears of sorrow flow,
And wash my crimson white as drifted snow!
Offended Heav'n! great and immortal name,
May I to mercy make a feeble claim?
I cannot pray; my God I cannot see—
Could Jesus bleed for such a wretch as me?
Yes, yes, he did; for me the stream was spilt,
To cleanse my crimes, and purify my guilt.
I feel my soul, I feel a distant ray,
Support my heart; a dawn of heavenly day.
Oh sweet answer, Jesu! unto thee
I lift the eye, and bend the suppliant knee.
Revive the seeds of virtue in my heart,
And let thy spirit influence the part,
The future part I act on this world's scene,
Oh! let it teach me to depart from sin,
To live to thee! to drink the heav'nly draught
Of living waters by salvation wrought;
T' imbibe the stream, the sweet, celestial stream
Which shall reanimate my soul again
With virtue, life—with thee, my God! my all,
And raise me glorious from my every fall.

Here* shall my mind each painful thought forego,
And all my soul forget its former woe;
Here shall repentance heal my wounded heart,
And thee, religion! all thy joys impart;
Here, rapt'rous thought! here Heav'n I feel, I see,
Here will I reconcile my God to me;
Here shall obedience for my crimes atone;
Here, bliss divine! I'll live to God alone.
Part'ners in guilt, a long, a long adieu!
My sorrows hush'd, I weep aloud for you.
Why to disease, and death, and guilt a prey,
Consume each night, pollute each precious day?
Repent, repent, and grasp the gift that's giv'n,
Return to Jesus, and he'll give ye Heav'n;

Return,

* Alluding to the Magdalen Hospital for repentant prostitutes.

There

Return, return, the inspir'd prophet said,
Angels will shout, and God himself be glad
O'er him that doth repent. Oh! flee from death,
And share with me the joys of Heav'n on earth:
The key to glory, and the road on high,
Which leads to life eternal in the sky.
Hail sweet asylum! here my shipwreck'd soul
Shall cast its anchor, and forget its toil;
Toss'd by each billow, of each wave the sport,
Here, torn and shatter'd, have I found a port,
A glorious port! wherein I may repair
My batter'd hulk, for brighter seas prepare;
A glorious port—by more than mortals giv'n,
My pilot, God,—I'll steer my course to Heaven.

*Camborne, Cornwall.* J. B.

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For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

## *The* VANITY *of* EARTHLY AMBITION.

Lines written with a Pencil, by an unknown Hand, about the Year 1784, on a plaistered Wall in the venerable Remains of Corfe Castle, Dorset, but long since obliterated.

CHANG'D is the scene! lo! Corfe's no more
The seat of royal pride:
Nor grandeur marks, nor wealth, nor pow'r,
Where hapless Edward* dy'd.

Here would I sit, lament the day
When envy plum'd her wings;
Where tott'ring fragments mould away,
I'd weep o'er murdered kings.

Whilst storms around these ruins blow,
I'd learn ambition's fate;
Read in these broken walls below
What ills the proud await.

*Bristol.* J. B.

* Edward, surnamed the Martyr, was stabbed here, by the connivance of his mother-in-law, Elfrida, in the 16th year of his age, and the 3d of his reign. A. D. 979.

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## SONNET *to a* NIGHTINGALE.

NOW on receding day dim twilight creeps,
And shrouds in heaviness the waning hours;
Fresh o'er the plains the sea-born zephyr sweeps,
While to the gloom sad Philomela pours
Melodious wailings! Harmonist, I love
In this lone hour to stray the meads along,
To catch each cadence of the tuneful grove,
And fain would know the purport of your song.

And oft-times does my feverish fancy paint
A tale of sorrows, not unlike my own;
Wrapp'd in the sweetness of your mellow plaint,
My breast appears a sympathetic moan:
Like you, ah! could I pierce the inmost wood,
Or sigh my sorrow to the heaving flood.

VERACITAS.